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THE ULATIS



JUNE, 1910

To the Class of 1910

Which is small in number but high in standard, this
issue is respectfully dedicated by

The Staff

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THE ULATIS

VACAVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. II.

VACAVILLE, CAL., JUNE, 1910.

No. 2.



MARIE DERBY

EVAH VEST

MARIAN WHITE

MARIE COX

Class History.

ON THE MORNING of August 14, 1906, twelve terror-stricken, pale little Freshies entered the great, awe-inspiring halls of learning of the V. H. S., and under the guidance of Professor Hale we went to our classroom and were placed under the protection of Miss Tyndall. She immediately proceeded to initiate us into the mysteries of Latin, and just as we were recovering from the first agony of declining "rosa" we were thrown into a panic by the unexpected ringing of an electric bell followed by a noisy crowd of Sophomores, who rushed into the room and unanimously demanded our seats. We meekly arose, but not daring to leave the protecting wing of Miss Tyndall, huddled together in the back of the room. Presently Miss Cope appeared, inquiring for her history class, and we unresistingly followed her amid the jeers of the pitiless Sophs.

The remainder of the morning passed without further blunders, but when noon came real cause for our fear came with it, for the Sophomores lay in wait and gave our boys a delightful plunge into the mossy depths of the horse-trough and threatened to treat the girls likewise.

At one o'clock increased terror took possession of us as we climbed the stairs to algebra and encountered the stern gaze of Miss Pitcher. At 3:15 we were

graciously permitted to go home to mama. Thus passed our first day in High School and in like manner many following days until we gradually became accustomed to the routine of school life.

At the beginning of our Sophomore year we (that is two of us) changed our headquarters to Miss Pitcher's room, where we were daily greeted by her pleasant Good Morning! Of the other members of the class some decided to attend other schools, some to enter the commercial department and the others decided we were too good for them to graduate with. During this year two members were added to our class: Marian White of Armijo and Beatrice Turner of Dixon.

In '07 the school also welcomed three new teachers—Mr. Penfield, Miss Oehlmann and Mrs. Stephenson.

This year passed uneventfully and in hard study, as we had not yet leanned to "bluff."

Our junior year was passed in the Prof.'s room under the supervision of Miss Cope. During this year we were deserted by Beatrice Turner, but her place was filled by Marie Derby, making our number four.

Then dawned the last and most important year of the whole course. We are seniors with all their cares and tribulations as well as the joy of impressing our superiority and importance on our schoolmates.

There were several changes in the faculty, Miss Brown and Miss Jewett taking the places of Miss Moise and Miss Oehlmann. Miss Cope, after having promised to see us safely through our extensive course in history, succumbed to Cupid's dart at the last minute and left us disconsolate until Miss Mabel Waite came to claim our affections.

Our first duty was class organization. This was easily accomplished by drawing our offices out of a paper bag, the result being as follows: President, Marian White; vice-president, Marie Cox; secretary, Marie Derby; treasurer, Evah Vest.

Next was the important and lengthy task of selecting class pins, which we received a few days before Christmas.

Although we are few we have endeavored to make our record as high as a class of larger numbers. We are now leaving these massive halls, which we entered in such fear, to engage in our life battle, but we will always look back with greatest pleasure upon the four years spent in V. H. S.



Class Will.

WE, the class of 1910, of V. H. S., city of Vacaville, county of Solano, State of California, preparing for our decease, being unable longer to endure the herculean tasks imposed by all members of the Faculty of the V. H. S., do hereby make our last will and testament as follows:

First—We give and bequeath to anyone in school needing them our good behavior and better looks.

Second—We give and bequeath to the Junior girls our Senior boys.

Third—We give and bequeath to the U. S. History Class of 1911 our extensive and carefully prepared note and map books.

Fourth—We give and bequeath to Avory Fry, Esq., our able competitor of the town photographer, the privilege of taking the Senior class pictures for the Ulatis.

Fifth—We give and bequeath to the sober and sedate Smilie Richardson the irrepressible giggles of little Ruthie Meyers.

Sixth—We give and bequeath to Daryl Davis the privilege of instructing the Physics class of 1911, as he did that of 1910.

Seventh—We give and bequeath to Mr. Sisk the privilege of inquiring after the health of anyone found occupying the sofa in the visitors' room.

Eighth—We give and bequeath to the next year's Freshies the privilege of pulling out the nails in the windows of the girls' basement.

Ninth—We give and bequeath to Gladys Chambers Coxie's curls.

Tenth—We give and bequeath to Mintie Perry the sole privilege of gazing out at the industrious gardeners during the second period in the morning.

Eleventh—We give and bequeath to Leslie Spear and colleague a favorable decision in all debates.

Twelfth—We give and bequeath to the Faculty, Mr. Sisk and the remaining pupils our best wishes.

Lastly—We do hereby nominate and appoint Mr. John Francis Farrell of said school the executor of this, our last will and testament, and do hereby revoke all former wills.

IN WITNESS, whereof we have set our hands and seal this 3d day of June, one thousand nine hundred and ten.

[Seal.]

CLASS OF 1910.

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the Class of 1910 as their last will and testament in the presence of us, who have hereunto set our hands, the day and year last above mentioned.

Witnesses { MABEL M. WAITE.
 { IRENE PITCHER.

Class Prophecy.

(Editor's Note: This prophecy was obtained at great expense, especially for this paper, from one of the leading astrologers of San Francisco.)

In the hour before morn
 When the new day is born,
 In the silence so deep—
 All the world was asleep—
 I gazed at the sky
 Where the comet swung by;
 I thought of the class,
 The four winsome girls
 Just ready to pass
 Out into the whirls,
 The rushing and strife
 Of this soul-testing life,
 And I wished that their way
 Might be joyous and bright,
 That their feet might not stray
 From the safe and the right;
 And e'en as I gazed
 A curtain was raised,
 And the future appeared
 In a vision so weird
 That my pulses were stilled
 And my spirit was filled
 With wonder and awe.
 Know then, what I saw:

In nineteen hundred and thirty-five
 The nations of all the world will strive
 To show their accomplishments and their skill
 In an exposition at Vacaville,
 Which same will have grown to a city renowned.
 The fair will extend over miles of ground
 And be covered all over with chicken-fence netting
 To prevent the people in airships from getting
 Inside without paying. And there in palatial
 Offices throned sits the dreaded official,
 The director and head of the fair. Have you guessed?
 This awesome personage is our Evah Vest.
 California's governor suddenly drops in,
 (Through a pneumatic tube from the capital she pops in)

And together they chatter of days gone by
When they studied together at Vacaville High.
"Well, Marian," says Evah, "we never expected
To see you as governor. But you've effected
Needed reforms and we're proud of you."
And Governor White replied, "'Tis true
I have done some housecleaning in politics.
But tell me, Evah, where are your six
Little children and husband?" "Oh, down at the beach.
I insist upon having them quite within reach,
But cannot be with them just now. By the way,
Marie Derby will be at the station to-day.
Let's stroll down to see her." So, leaving the fair,
They enjoy pleasant blasts of salty sea air
By aeroducts brought through the mountains. And there
Through a grove of the giant asparagus they pass,
Raised by the Vacaville High farming class.
Then, rounding the hill where the high school once stood,
They see there no longer a building of wood,
But a castle-like structure with sentineled grounds,
Which a wall with spiked top and barred gateways surrounds.
From within comes an ear-splitting, many-lunged noise,
And the sign reads, "Miss M. Cox. Reform School for Boys."
"She manages finely," is Evah's remark.
"She rules them by love and if there's a spark
Of goodness she finds it. Crime's forces will quail
Before her alumni—we'll abolish the jail."
Arriving at last at the new railway station,
They find, for young housekeepers' edification,
A car as a model home furnished. 'Tis touring
The state in charge of Marie, who alluring-
Ly tells how to live without worries and bothers,
How children should manage their mothers and fathers,
Explaining how those who have no home may build one,
And exhibiting her own model husband and children.
She gives a special course
On avoiding divorce,
And shows how to live in supreme unanimity,
Each party preserving his own equanimity.

The Song of the Lark.

AVORY FRY, '11.

THE SUN had just reddened the sky with the first glow, and the meadow lark had trilled the opening of a new day—a day such as the Californian of to-day knows, as his darker brother of a few score years ago knew and loved. The surrounding world of nature seemed awakening, and with it awoke an Indian lad. He arose hastily from his bed in the wigwam and, to avoid disturbing his companions, crept to where a row of bows stood along the wall. After selecting his own and a number of arrows, he darted through the opening of the lodge.

As he glided along over the fields of blazing poppies and buttercups, the meadow larks rose with defiant notes and settled out of reach. A rabbit sprang from the earth and leaped away, causing him to start slightly; but no such game tempted his arrows, for he was determined this day to prove to the rest of the tribe his skill as a hunter of big game.

As he pressed eagerly on, his eye swept the country, but for some time it was rewarded only with rare bits of landscape unaltered by human habitation. Though he loved the sight as today it is loved by its devoted people, this morning it appeared bare to him without the object of his search, and he was almost becoming impatient when his pulse was quickened by a glimpse of a vanishing deer on the brow of a near hill. He hastened his pace and soon reached the summit of the hill from which the earth seemed to drop abruptly, forming the valley that lay between him and the distant Blue Mountains. Instead of orderly rows of trees, large oaks or stray pines grew over a vast expanse of level or gently sloping ground which was covered with a rank growth of grass and flowers. Ordinarily he would have paused to look with awe on the scene, but now his eager eye sought only for game. His close observation finally detected a quiet flock of deer feeding at some distance down the valley. He at once began planning how to best approach them, and was soon creeping from rock to bush in the direction of the deer. He had just been over one of the most difficult places, and lay still for some time to recover his breath. He was lying under a laurel bush at the mouth of a half cave, formed by huge boulders piled together. When he felt rested he arose on all fours to resume his task, but dropped back under cover with all the alertness and rapidity with which a squirrel vanishes into its hole at the approach of danger. He had seen nothing, but he was instinctively aware of human presence. He might have heard a slight sound or it might have been due to a newly developed sense, but at any rate when he slightly turned his head he saw two warriors approaching his hiding place. They were not of his people, and when his sight fell on their faces

a great feeling of intense hatred swept through him like a mighty pulse beat and made his heart burn with a desire to strike out at them.

He was securely hidden between the rocks, but they came straight toward him and sat down under a bush a few feet away. They had evidently just returned from different directions and sat comparing notes by means of signs and occasional syllables. The boy was filled with the greatest consternation and anger that they should have chosen this place for a consultation, for he could understand but little, and his only desire was to hasten back to his own people. But patience is a fundamental element in the make-up of his kind, and he never for a second let his anxiety conquer his prudence.

His eye was suddenly caught by a faint glister not a yard from his head, and for one long, intense moment a great quiver of agony and repulsion shook his whole frame, and he had to exercise all the self control that had come down to him, through generations of strong practice, to keep him from jumping to his feet.

A second glance was not necessary to define that dull gloss and those two black beads shining straight into his eyes, for a rattlesnake was drawing towards him. He might even yet spring up and avoid the reptile, and by swift running escape his enemies missiles, except a derisive whoop of contempt. Never in the history of his tribe had anyone run from an enemy, and a pride which meant more to him than life would not allow him the inkling of a thought that would disgrace them. He had not moved his eyes from the fierce glare that confronted them, so near now that he could easily reach out and touch them, but he was conscious that his more hated human enemies were still present.

He would not move. The determination was quite as firm as the ground which he was still hugging. On came the snake with awful slowness. His eyes closed, and before his mind the whole situation flashed. He had unintentionally cornered the snake, and it only wished to escape, and, if unmolested, might crawl away even after it passed over his body.

He counted out the terrible seconds, not daring to open his eyes. When he felt the cold touch on his cheek he flinched slightly, and with lightning rapidity the snake coiled and hovered over him.

The boy knew now that the minutest move from him would call forth an instant strike from the snake, and so he lay quite still, hardly daring to breathe, for so long a time that his nerves were almost exhausted, and he gradually became only half conscious of his surroundings. The cold glide again touched his face, but this time he held quite still, and even when the last clammy touch had passed away, he lay for some time with closed eyes.

A meadow lark alighted on the topmost twig of the laurel bush, and after giving a suspicious glance about him proceeded to fill the air with his melody. The Indian boy opened his eyes, and they eagerly sought the source of the beautiful strain, and then, wandering slowly over the landscape, rested on two silent, gliding figures disappearing over a hill.

Wireless.

DARYL D. DAVIS, '11.

“WIRELESS,” or communication without wires, is an art which has sprung up comparatively in a night. Yesterday people thought that the wire telegraph was wonderful. But today the great advances of the wireless telegraph are causing much more wonder. And tomorrow—. It would be a rash person who would put a limit to the achievements of the next age.

Wireless has advanced very rapidly from the experimental to the practical stage. Starting from a few experimental stations, whose range was limited to a few miles, the number has increased to hundreds of large stations operated by the government and the commercial companies. Their range is anywhere from 200 to 1,000 miles, but quite often much greater distances have been covered. The greatest distance over water is 4,500 to 4,700 miles, and that over land or mostly land 3,900 miles, between San Juan and San Francisco.

A great number of amateurs have taken up the study of wireless. The sending range of these is limited by the great expense of long-distance sending apparatus, but their receiving range is, in a great many cases, equal or superior to that of some of the larger stations.

Notwithstanding its rapid advancement, wireless is still in its infancy. There are a great many things unexplained and a great many problems to solve. One question is that of efficiency. The sending station does not radiate a quarter of the power it consumes and the receiving station does not collect one hundred thousandth part of the power sent out by the sending station. When we are able to reduce the loss in efficiency, then wireless power will be possible. Or, in other words, we may live in the country and have many of the conveniences of town, as electric lights, heating, power, etc., supplied by wireless. This seems very improbable now, and almost impossible. But we first had telegraphing by wires, then the transmission of power by wires; now we have telegraphing by wireless, and why not power by wireless?

When this comes into vogue our summer camping trip will be easy indeed, for we may go to our wireless power company and secure a portable apparatus. Then we may take our electric stove, iron, lights, and such, and find a nice camping place in the mountains, attach the apparatus to a tree, and then—; but let's wake up.

The question of interference prevention has been dealt with by a great many, and apparatus has been perfected so that, on one hand, the receiving station may cut out all but the station it is receiving from and, on the other, the sending station can only be heard by the particular station it is sending to. But, unfortunately, the U. S. government and the commercial companies have

not taken advantage of the new improvements, and continue to use old and out-of-date apparatus. The result is that they are bothered greatly by interference from other large stations and also amateurs. But the amateur gets the blame for all the interference. Now the commercial interests are trying hard to have a bill passed to stop the amateurs. This would be one of the worst blows that the progress of wireless could receive; for it is the experiments of the amateurs that will finally lead to the solving of many of the problems of wireless.

There have been articles in the newspapers stating that important government messages have been lost because some amateur was able to hear and copy them; just as if the amateur's catching the message would prevent the government station from receiving it. When the message is sent out it goes in all directions, and consequently into hundreds of receiving instruments, but that does not prevent the station for which it is intended from getting the message. If the receiving operator for any reason did not get some part of the message, he could easily have the sending operator repeat it for him. So a message could not possibly be lost.

There are a number of queer ideas as to the way in which wireless acts. Some think that the sound goes out from the wires of the sending station and is caught by the receiving station. While others seem to think that the electricity jumps through the air from the sending to the receiving station. What really happens is hard to explain; but the main point is, that every spark at the sending station creates waves or vibrations in the ether, just as dropping a stone into a pond makes a series of ripples or waves. Then these ether waves, striking against the wires of the receiving station, cause the instruments to respond with a click. But as the sparks follow in rapid succession, the clicks turn into a buzz or hum.

When the key at the sending station is pressed down and released instantly, then there is a short buzz or dot in the receiving station. While if the key is held down a little longer, there is a long buzz or dash, at the receiving end. The letters of the alphabet are made up of combinations of dots and dashes, forming codes, of which there are two, the "Continental" and "Morse" codes. The Continental is used almost entirely by the wireless operators, while the Morse is used by the wire telegraphs.

Now comes the wireless telephone, with which you may talk direct to the person just as with an ordinary phone—but with the advantage that you may take a trip on a steamer and keep in direct communication with the shore; for the wireless phone may be connected to the central station of the ordinary phone and thus give the same advantage of calling any one who has an ordinary phone. Some claim that the wireless phone will replace the wireless telegraph, but as the wire telephone has not replaced the wire telegraph for long distance work, it does not seem probable that the wireless telegraph will be driven from the field by the wireless phone.

The wireless telegraph has a great deal of advantage over the wire telegraph; especially over the submarine cables, which are both expensive to install and use.

In mountainous regions communication can easily be obtained, where telegraph lines could not be installed without much work and expense.

Prospecting parties may carry small portable outfits, and, if they get lost or are in need of assistance, all they have to do is to call up the main camp.

The government uses portable wireless outfits in the signal corps, as they are much easier to handle and cannot be tampered with by the enemy.

But wireless is only one of the wonders of electricity; there are many more to come.



"The Apples of Sodom."

LOUISE KRAUSE, '11.

IT WAS NIGHT on the cattle range. The stars looked tranquilly down upon a valley nestled between the foothills, while in the distance towered the great mountains. A little stream, emerging from a narrow canyon, wended its way through the valley. The foothills on one side rose higher and higher and were lost in the distant mountains. On the other side they became low, and disappeared in the shifting sand dunes of the desert. It took days to travel across this wide expanse of sand, stretching to the horizon, and when the crest of the hills overlooking the valley was reached, the eye followed the course of the wooded stream with delight.

Slowly Orion moved across the sky. On the floor of the valley a huge fire was kindled. A group of cowboys, all brown and big of frame, sat around it, after their evening mess. One of them spoke with more authority, and the rest called him "Bud." He was silent, but once in awhile he showed he was the master of a dry humor, which was enjoyed by his helpers.

Another was distinguished by his shortness of stature. Just the opposite from Bud, Rex was sly and catlike in his movements. Often he would look cunningly out of the corner of his eyes at the men. All left him to himself. But he was a good worker; he made no complaint, and so he staid on.

The mess had been finished; the dogs lay around with the men. One big hound fawned at the feet of his master and at times looked questioningly out into the night. As the talking went on, Rex drew apart from the rest, took his blankets, and rolled into them with the ease of one used to sleeping so.

An hour passed and the cowboys, tired of talking, sought their blankets. At length all was quiet, save for the occasional deep breathing of the steers, down by the stream. The stars still reflected their brightness from the deep blue of the sky. About midnight the stillness of the camp was broken by the barking of the big hound. His master sleepily arose on his elbow and commanded him to stop, but still he kept on. Soon the rest of the dogs joined in the uproar. The snort of a horse and the quick movements of the cattle were heard. Bud was first up, and gave orders to the drowsy and unwilling men to go and see if anything was wrong with the cattle.

It happened at this time that Bud was in possession of money belonging to the company. He had received it from the Round XG Rancho the morning before and was carrying it to Roadsburg to be deposited in the bank. According to Bud's custom, he had hidden it before retiring. He had been especially careful as to its safety this time, for there had been reports of robberies in the country. They had apparently been committed by one man, Benton by name. It was Benton's plan to have a confederate in the camp picked out for plunder-

ing. Bud had watched his assistants and his suspicions had fallen on Rex.

The cowboys went, as ordered. Bud slipped away to the hiding place of the gold, while Rex remained unobserved behind amongst his blankets. When all was quiet, he rose on his elbow and looked after the retreating form of Bud. Cautiously he rose and slyly picked his way along the narrow path, close behind the unsuspecting Bud. The latter had reached a tree, stopped and started digging. Soon the clinking of gold was heard, muffled by a heavy bag, in which it was kept.

This was enough for Rex; he had seen and heard enough in the starlight to be satisfied with his quest. He went swiftly back to his place by the fire and when Bud and the rest returned, reporting things all right, Rex was apparently in deep slumber.

Again the camp was quiet, the fire was low. The men in their blankets were scattered here and there on the ground. The dogs again began their barking, but were not heeded by the men. Rex silently arose and, rolling his blankets, walked in the direction of the cattle.

Bud, who lay quietly in his blankets, saw Rex arise, roll his blankets and move away. Suspecting further developments, he also arose and followed.

As Rex neared the edge of the herd a dark figure was seen and a low whistle heard. Rex responded and met another figure, and together they crept toward the hidden gold, Bud in the rear. They reached the spot at last and immediately began to dig for the gold. Bud made an unsteady step, the twigs beneath his foot cracked loudly. Both robbers looked swiftly about, saw Bud, and with a dash were at his side. A tussle began; in the melee Rex swung the butt of his gun over Bud's head.

He sank down.

The men, breathing deeply after their exertion, looked at the fallen form. Benton felt his pulse, no response came; Rex listened close to his breast for his heart beats, none were heard.

Heartlessly they retreated to the hole, drew the gold from its hiding place, and made their way, like foxes, into the black night.

* * * * *

The desert sun shone on the backs of two men, plodding through the burning sand. More than once the foremost of the two stumbled and fell, borne down by the weight of a sack swung over his shoulders. Each time he picked himself up with more difficulty and struggled on blindly, hopelessly. At last the sun sank and they stopped. Benton swung the sack from his back, while Rex started to prepare for their supper. He had kindled the fire and cut a few slices of bacon for the evening meal. Glancing in the direction of his companion, he saw him fast asleep.

Silently Rex cooked his bacon, while the light of the fire played over his features and showed them in all their hardness. Just now he was looking at the sleeping figure and muttering, concerning "the lack of food."

Without any warning, he moved the frying pan from the fire and, like some animal approaching its unconscious victim, he crept towards the figure.

There was no one to see it, no one to hear it. Only one swift plunge, a feeble shriek, and then a silence. The murderer moved back to his fire with

hurried steps, bearing the sack which had so weighted down his companion.

His eyes fell on the half-cooked bacon, but in spite of his efforts to eat it, he found his thoughts turning to the silent figure in the sand. Again and again his eyes turned in its direction, and finally, with the aid of his frying pan, he tried to cover the remains; but the sand trickled off and seemed to refuse to cover the evidence of his crime. He was obliged, at last, to give it up.

He tried to sleep; but slumber would not come readily. At last he dropped into a troubled sleep.

Long before dawn he was off, after a hurried glance towards the remains of his former companion.

How long he struggled on he did not know. Occasionally he looked back over the country of rolling sand and short sage brush. His water had been gone for hours, and his provisions he had dropped on the way. So sure was he of reaching the settlement, that in the morning he had left his blankets behind with the dead man.

The sun shone high, and reaching in his pocket to consult his compass, he found it gone. A blank look came into his face when he drew his empty hand from his pocket. Now he remembered that he had left it with the dead man. In despair he looked absently about. The sandy waste was the same on all sides, and he knew it would be death to go in any direction, even to stay; but at last he staggered on with bent form.

The sun sank, and he struggled on more slowly; his steps grew weaker; he stumbled, and brought himself to his feet with more difficulty. The pack he had been carrying had long been dropped; but still he went forward, as if crawling on and on.

He stumbled again and struggled to rise, and then, borne down by the weight of his whole frame, he fell for the last time, with an agonized look on his face and outstretched hands toward an object.

It was dark; the place was a stretch of sand and sage brush, with the charred remains of a fire near by; and the only view of human life was an object—a dark figure—half covered with sand.



THE ULATIS

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF VACAVILLE HIGH SCHOOL.

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OUR WORK upon the ULATIS is offered with a realization of its shortcomings, but with the hope that it may merit some favor. It has been the ambition of the Editorial Staff to make this number stand out for the quality of the material. We confess our aim is high. We wish to make the ULATIS the best that a High School paper can be. If we have failed this time we will keep trying until we have reached our goal.



DON'T FORGET the business men who have advertised in the ULATIS. With their generous ads they have made it possible to have a school paper. If you find that you are in need of anything, no matter what it is, consult the ULATIS, find who have advertised, and then patronize them. You owe it to the school and the business men both.



Alumni

Walter W. Weir, '02, U. S. drainage engineer, is in the reclamation work of the United States. He is now working along the Black river in northeastern Arkansas.

Barbara Reid, '06, plans to take a course in domestic science in Simms College in the east next year, and perhaps for two years.

Laurens Killingsworth, '09, is still in Vacaville, and at the present time he is working for the Earl Fruit Co.

Roland Hartley, '09, attended the Business College in Stockton during the winter, but returned to Vacaville at the beginning of the fruit season to work in the office of the Vacaville Fruit Co.

Leonard Buck, '09, and Charles Rogers, '09, are spending the summer in Alaska.

Carl Crystal, '98, has gone to Washington, D. C., where he will enter the employ of the government.

Clara Keeler, '04, taught the past term in Alhambra.

Edith Harbison, '02, Julia Harbison, '04, are now traveling in Oregon.

Kate H. Buckingham, '03, and Joseph S. Koford, '02, were married in February and are now residing in Oakland.

Sadie Watson, '07, is still attending U. C. She expects to finish her course next June.

Linder Denton, '06, has completed his course at U. C.

Mabel Lawrence, '08, Rosalia Chandler, '08, have remained at home to learn the gentle art of housekeeping. They are both taking a course in music from Prof. Stadtfeld of San Francisco.

Ola Fraser, '08, took the teachers' examination at Xmas and intends to teach this following year.

Mayme Price, '01, is taking a course in the State Normal at San Jose.

Laura Weir, '04, has announced her engagement to Cecil Dutton. They will be married in the early part of June.

Ione Garnett, '04, is doing settlement work in San Francisco.

Harriet Harbison, '06, is still attending U. C. and expects to finish the course next December.



"Olla Podrida" (January, 1910), Berkeley High—The arrangement of your editorial page is especially good, but your paper would be more complete if it contained a table of contents.

"The Review" (January, 1910), Sacramento High, is a very interesting paper. "The Ride on Skies," is worthy of notice.

"The Acorn" (1910), Alameda High—The editorial staff looks well in front, but why not precede that by a table of contents?

"The Cogswell" (March, 1910), S. F. Polytechnic—This number of the Cogswell is very good, but the joshes would be better if there were not so many Exchanges.

"Pine Breezes" ('09), Placerville High—Would it not be better to give the real photographs of the commercial class? Do you think slang good for exchanges? Why as an exchange cut a steamboat, when in the mountains.

"Loyal Sons Clarion" (February-March), Sacramento—Your paper would be greatly improved in appearance if you would add another page for ads and not use the covers. Would an index be too much to ask of you?

"The Sotoyoman" (February '10), Healdsburg—The contrast in the type used for the heading of departments and the subject matter is too great and gives your paper a cheap appearance. Why not add a few more jokes?

"The Echo" (March-April, 1910), Santa Rosa—A few more cuts would make your paper much more attractive.

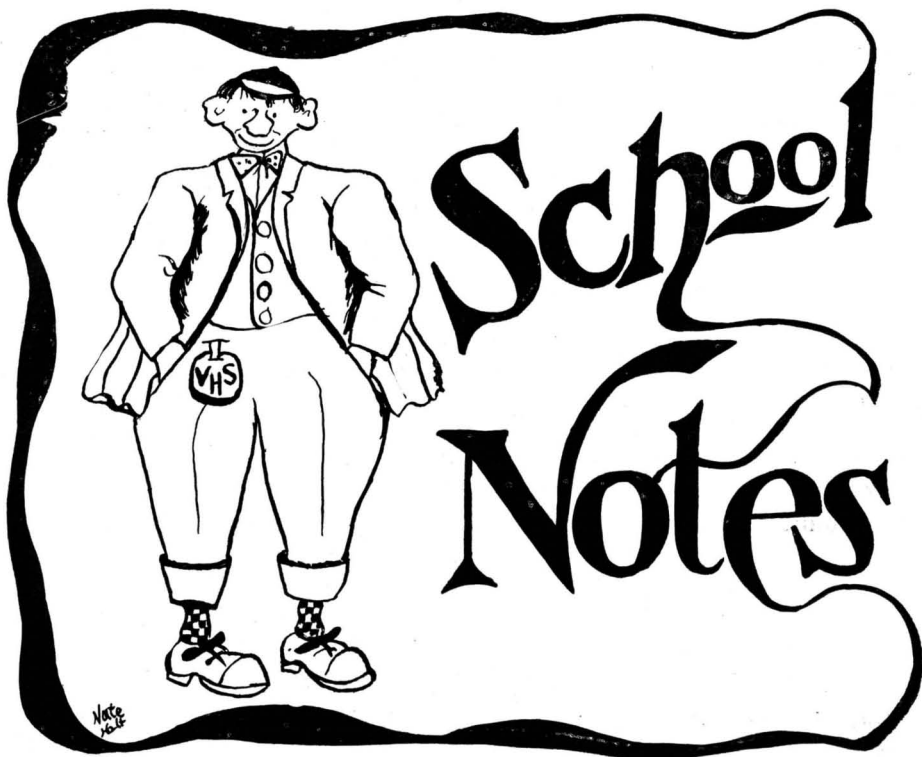
"The Far Darter" (Xmas, '09), St. Helena—We are glad to see you have a number of poems—few papers have. The illustrations to the stories are attractive. However, a few more cuts would not prove disastrous.

"The Dawn" (Xmas, '09), Esparto High—Your paper is excellent in arrangement, but your joshes could be improved upon.

"Class Scribe" (December, '09), Oakland Commercial High—A few more cuts and an index would help your paper greatly.

"The Poppy" ('09), Winters High—Your cover is attractive and the many photographs add greatly to the appearance of the paper.

"The Pelican" (April, 1910), U. C.—Your cuts and cover design are very appropriate for the Track number.



I.

The William H. Wright theatrical troupe gave an entertainment in the Assembly Hall January 21st. Mr. Wright is a very good impersonator, and gave some readings which were very much enjoyed, among which were the chariot race from "Ben Hur" and the court scene from "The Merchant of Venice." A good sized audience was present and seemed to enjoy the programme very much.

II.

Last June the Horace K. Turner picture exhibit was displayed in the library of the High School. Something over \$39 was realized, and the money forwarded to the company for three pictures selected by the teachers and pupils. The order for the pictures brought a reply that the company had gone into the hands of a receiver. We are still hoping to save something from the wreck.

III.

The Physical Geography class, with Miss Waite as chaperon, took a trip to Tolenas to study the rocks and mineral water there. Although it was very warm, the pupils learned about the various rocks, especially quartz, and had a good time besides. About noon the class enjoyed a delightful lunch and ice cream cornucopias.

IV.

As usual, the pupils of the school gave a programme on Lincoln's Day. The programme was opened with the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," by the

school. Elise and Rhoda Buckingham played a duet, which was very much enjoyed. Loraine Watson, '09, then favored us with a vocal solo. Judge Bristow gave us some reminiscences of the Civil War. His speech was pronounced by all to be the best Lincoln Day speech they had ever heard. Alda McBride, a graduate of the High School, who has been studying vocal music, rendered two very delightful selections. The programme was closed with "America," by the school.

V.

As the interest in tennis has revived, the court has been cleaned off and a new net bought. Tennis died out about three years ago, but many of the pupils are now interested in it, and we hope to be represented in the next tournament.

VI.

May 5th the Franklin Carter String Quartet, under the auspices of the High School, entertained a good sized audience at Armory Hall. Although financially it was not a success, it was pronounced by all to be a first-class concert. We hope to bring them here again the following term.

VII.

The gardening class has raised fine vegetables this year, and everything looks like a prosperous wheat crop.

VIII.

The English classes have been trying a new system, that of the Round Table. They meet during their English period in the library, where the tables have been arranged in a circle. The name of the leader, whose duty it is to carry on the recitation, is drawn from a pitcher. This system has proved very successful, as it brings out several sides and different opinions on all the questions.

IX.

The English History class had a very exciting debate over, "Resolved, That Ireland should have home rule." The affirmative was victorious. The negative side was upheld by Leslie Spear and Louise Krause; the affirmative by Edna March and Hazel Duncan.

X.

A very entertaining programme was enjoyed the last day of school, Thursday, May 26th. The programme was as follows:

Instrumental solo—"A Storm on Lake Platten" - - - Ignatz Mihaly

EDNA MARCH

La Poudre aux Yeux, Act I, Scene 3 - - - - -

FRENCH CLASS

Vocal solo—"Polly Willis" - - - - - Dr. Arne

LORAINÉ WATSON

Debate—"Resolved, that the suffrage franchise should be extended to all women." - - - - -

Affirmative—RUBY LAROSE, BEULAH WHEELER, HAZEL DUNCAN

Negative—RHODA BUCKINGHAM, WARREN SLOAT, EDNA MARCH

German song—"Die Lorelei" - - - - - Heinrich Heine

GERMAN CLASS

Instrumental duet, March and Chorus from "Tannhauser" - - - Wagner

ERMA MONTGOMERY and ROSALIA CHANDLER

Vocal solo—"Madcap Marjorie" - - - - - Frederick Norton

MARGARET STEIGER

The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative, and both sides were congratulated upon their arguments.

XI.

The commencement exercises are out of the ordinary this year, as the class is so small. The class consists of Marian White, president; Marie Cox, vice president; Marie Derby, secretary, and Evah Vest, treasurer. The exercises were held in the Masonic Temple, and the programme was as follows:

Instrumental duet - - - - -

MABEL LAWRENCE and ROSALIA CHANDLER

Vocal solo - - - - -

ETHEL JONES

Commencement address—"Our Commonwealth and Its Inheritors" -

MR. ALLISON WARE

Instrumental solo - - - - -

FLORENCE CHUBB

Presentation of Diplomas - - - - -

Trio - - - - -

MRS. F. A. STEIGER, ALDA McBRIDE, ROSALIA CHANDLER



GIRL'S *Athletics*



Elise Buckingham
Fay Watson

Hazel Duncan
Caroline Couch

Ruby Larose
Pearl Larose

Ruth Meyers

Basketball.

It has been left to the girls to secure honors for the school in athletics. This they have managed to do very successfully. The girls began their practice soon after the Christmas vacation. At first the bad weather prevented them from steady practice, but as spring advanced they took more of an interest and practiced every night.

The first game of the season was played March 19th, in Benicia, with the Benicia High School. Owing to its being a stormy day, the girls remained

over and played at night in the hall. It was the first game ever played by the Benicia girls, and, although they played a good game, they lacked experience. The Vacaville girls were easily victorious with a score 25-2. After the game an informal dance was enjoyed by all.

The Benicia girls, all undaunted by their defeat, accepted a challenge for a return game in Vacaville April 2d. Both teams had practiced hard during the interval, but still Vacaville was the faster. They held Benicia down to 0, while they piled up a score of 24.

The third and last game of the season was played with the Sacramento High on the Vacaville court. The Sacramento girls were much the larger, but the Vacaville girls were much superior in team work, and at no time was the outcome of the game doubtful. The final score was 28 to 5 in Vacaville's favor.

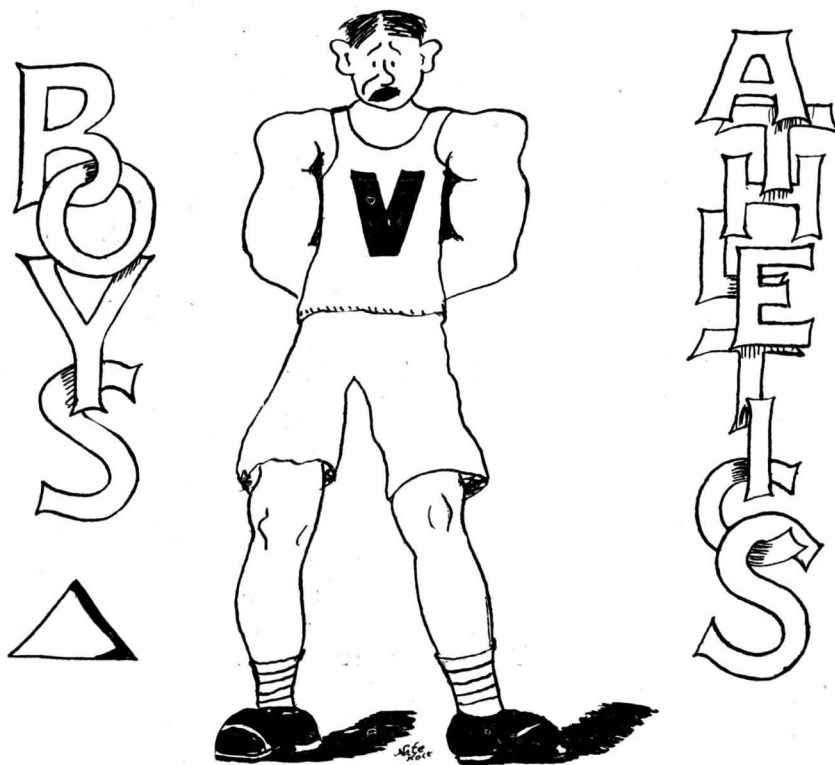
The three victories were greatly due to Miss Pitcher, who has coached us in fast play and team work for the last three years. The line-up for the year is as follows:

GUARDS—Pearl Larose and Rhoda Buckingham.

GOALS—Ruby Larose and Elise Buckingham.

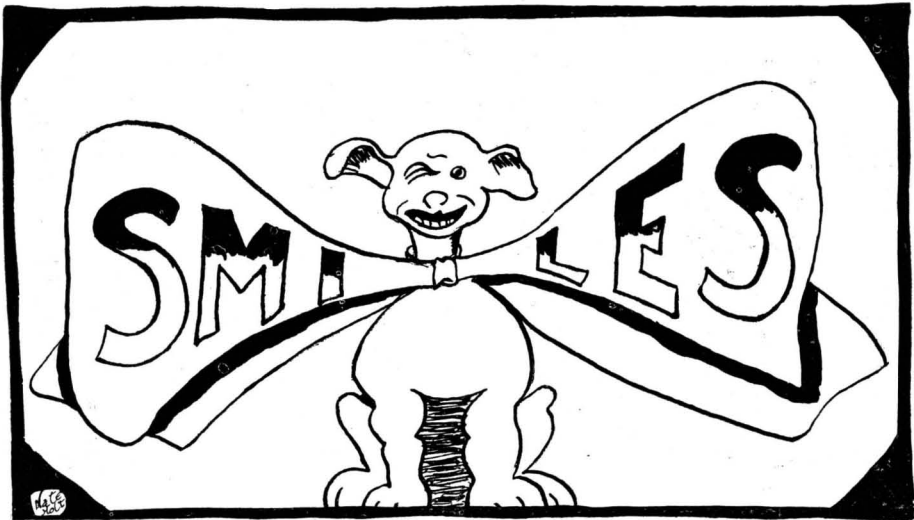
CENTERS—Ruth Meyers and Hazel Duncan.





A new system was introduced into athletics this year by the adoption of the scholarship rule of the Academic Athletic League. All who wished to take part in athletics have to have passed in half of their previous term's work and to be up in three of their present studies. This was done in order to bring athletics up to a higher plane. It cut out all boys who were too lazy to study or came to school only for athletics. The boys lacked material for a baseball team and lacked interest for basketball, so the term has been one of little excitement in athletics.

Only two contestants were sent down to Benicia to the annual meet of the Solano County Athletic League—Avory Fry and Leslie Spear. One point was secured by Avory Fry in the high jump.



Our nine months now are over;
Some are happy, some are sober.
To the goal we now are nearing,
Although the exes we are fearing.

★ ★ ★

Miss W. (to Elise, who was eating peanuts)—“Elise, put those peanuts down!”

Elise—“I am putting them down just as fast as I can.”

★ ★ ★

A great amount of bluffing,
Lots of air quite hot,
Make a recitation
Seem like what it's not.—Ex.

★ ★ ★

Miss W. (in History II)—“What happened after the trial and execution of Charles I?”

Helen H. (with a satisfied air)—“His burial.”

★ ★ ★

Wanted—A position as assistant in chemistry experiments. Am a beautiful, reliable young lady and ask no questions.

M-R-- D-RB-

★ ★ ★

Miss W.—“What can you say about the relationship of the eastern and western part of Rome?”

Kleinschmidt (thinking of baseball)—“There were always two umpires.”

★ ★ ★

Some folks stir up a hornets' nest just so the next fellow who comes along will get stung.

Mr. P.—“The Mohammedans used to kiss a stone which was said to have dropped from heaven.”

Lester H.—“That wouldn't be allowed by the pure food law now.”

★ ★ ★

“The freshies are a beardless set,
I fear they are growing down;
We might remind them once again
Of the barber shop in town.”

—Ex.

★ ★ ★

“My task in life,” said the preacher,
“consists in saving young men.”

“Oh,” eagerly replied Ruby, “save
a good looking one for me.”

★ ★ ★

Miss W.—“Hazel, please recite on
the same question that Louise just finished.”

Hazel (who had not been paying attention)—“I never repeat what my friends say.”

★ ★ ★

Mr. Penfield told all the gardening class to bring a sample of the soil from their homes and they would analyze it in class. James Mc—— got as far as the High School walk when he spilt his sample. Nothing daunted, he scooped up a handful of the High School dirt and marched bravely in to class.

Mr. P. (in class)—“James, this is very good soil—fine. It is somewhat like that around the High School.”

★ ★ ★

Teacher—“In Germany they have a Kaiser. What is a Kaiser?”

Leo—“A Kaiser is a stream of hot water springing up and disturbing the earth.”

★ ★ ★

Mr. Penfield (English III)—“In the line ‘Every clod feels a stir of might,’ what is meant by ‘the stir of might?’”

Rhoda—“Worms, I guess.”



THE ULATIS



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Miss W.—“What is the occupation of the Sacramento?”

Elise—“Raising currents.”

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Mr. P. (in English II)—“Now let's see where we stand.”

Helen H.—“On our feet.”

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